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established for Part I - Paternal ancestor of John Peter Bubnick, Jr. (Job's father). at 4:30 PM I asked if he was interested in going into town and he said "yes, I have to eat." I drove him in. On the way out here, Job asked me if we could stop in the Russian Cemetery in Dunduff so that he could copy down two dates that he needed. "With pleasure," said I, and in we went. In town, near the intersection of Main & Salem, John said: "You'll have to come in to Elaine's for dinner sometime." I replied, somewhat snippily: "Before I can come in, I'll ^{first} have to be asked." Job got defensive and said - "Well that's what I'm doing. Elaine asked me to ask you." SRP: "Well fine. I'd love to. Any time at all." I dropped Job off at 46 & he made a very conscious effort to thank me for the afternoon. I returned here and supped very bountifully: hot Italian sausage, fried potatoes with garlic, steamed cabbage & two eggs fried in the sausage pan; tea. Also some of my home-made applesauce - which is very very good - I put in a small quantity of sugar and a generous quantity of nutmeg; no cinnamon. During Job's visit he discovered that the small "Frank E. Gramer / Druggist / Carlisle, PA" bottle that he had given me had frozen ^{& broken} because I had not emptied out the water & had filled it with in order to clean it thoroughly. That made me feel badly (or is it bad). I shall pen a note of regret to Job about the broken bottle. Job and I will possibly work on the G.R. book tomorrow. We shall see. Curiously, Job began today to work on a book of his family's history -- and today is his parents' wedding anniversary -- 11/20 8 PM - Jean

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Called - all in well. She is not upset with me about my shortness with her on the phone today. That is fine. I do not want her to be mad - but I do want her to leave me alone. She reported a very amusing incident of her attempting to buy two double martinis to go at the Ben-Mar today. She wanted them for her sister in the hospital. They wouldn't sell her the drinks to go -- it's against the law. So she went home and got a mayonnaise jar and filled it with Scotch and took it over to her sister at Saint Joseph's. Sister Kay's doctor (Dr. Larkin) and ^{Sister} Kay each had a Scotch on the rocks or Sister Kay lay in her hospital bed. Very funny indeed. The doctor warned her to hide the mayonnaise jar ^{and Scotch} or the nurses would confuse it for a urine sample. We laughed.

Job is becoming so incredibly bourgeois. He is becoming more and more like his father with every passing day. His only concerns in the world are: food, television, physical comfort and sex -- not that any or all of them are in any way bad. But clearly ^{human} life is more ^{complex} than that. I am not ^{for very long} confident that Job will continue working ^{on his} family's history, nor am I confident that he will initiate much Gravity Railroad material research for our book. Oh well. I hope I am wrong, but given Job's past record of completion, I am not expecting that he will "follow through." I assure him that I am quite prepared to do the Gravity book all by myself, and will do so, if he "peters out" on the project. We shall see. As soon as I finish the revision to PN-I-78 and re-do the Grimmer descendant list, I will start on the Gravity.